The Commonweal

WEEK BY WEEK

So Few

SO FAR there has been something unreal about the war in Korea. It is our war, of course, and the casualty lists are there in the papers every day to prove it. But sometimes it seems as if there were two Americas: the one the political pundits write about, whose sons are fighting in far-off Korea, and the America of the inside pages, where life is going on pretty much as usual, without full-scale mobilization, painful shortages or the grim feeling of purpose that comes with war.

Of course there are the daily dispatches from the front, the combat pictures in *Life,* and the lists of dead, wounded and missing to give meaning to the war. But still something very important is lacking, the thing, whatever it is, that sets off a nation at war from a nation not at war. It is hard to realize when you move across the country that half a world away there are young men bleeding and dying in defense of it.

In a way, it is as if we had gone back to the days of the professional soldier when every respectable nation, at any given hour, was fighting a war some place, while the folks at home suffered no more hardship than paying the bills.

As a matter of fact there is something vaguely professional—and so, removed from the average citizen—about the war in Korea. It is real war all right, but the way it is presented to us at home, it seems sometimes as if it were most of all a kind of stage for the crack camera men, the ace reporters, the military "experts," political know-it-alls and the kind of public speakers and editorial writers who like to talk about "our boys." As if a lot of professional people had read too much Hemingway and the rest of us were forming an appreciative audience.

That is how it seems until you take a second look at the casualty lists and realize that the ones most intimately involved are themselves strictly amateur—kids from the big cities, villages and farms of America who in most cases—most reports agree on this—don't know why they are in Korea or why they are doing what they do.

Korea was no Pearl Harbor. There was no sudden dramatic moment when a brief radio announcement shocked the nation into unity and a sense of high purpose—grim and yet somehow exalted—swept across the American people. The men fighting in Korea never had that moment. The decision to make a showing in Korea was calm and sober, made by a handful of leaders and passed on down, through channels, to the youngest recruit now on the line. There was no moment of clarity when the GI in Korea today made the decision, this is worth fighting for, this is the hour to give it back to them, this time they've gone too far.

The issues in Korea have not been clarified as they would have been if the attack on us and all the free world were direct. The GI is not fighting on his own soil nor even directly in defense of his own soil. He is not even fighting the soldiers of the government directly responsible for the attack. The representatives of the USSR walk safe and unmolested in his own country while their war equipment menaces him in a strange exotic land.

THE GI is embroiled in an ideological struggle difficult to understand and harder yet to evaluate. While millions of others like him enjoy the wonders of America without qualms, he has to take everything the enemy has to give. It is no wonder that one 19 year old corporal was quoted as saying, "I keep asking myself what I'm doing here. The funny thing is, I can't answer my own question."

Not so funny. The issues are complex; the tactics indirect; the methods of this conqueror unorthodox and subtle.

But the corporal has a right to know why he is there. For him and for all Americans, the

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• NEXT WEEK •

"National advertisers are mass producers for a mass market of customers whose buying habits and value-patterns they attempt to standardize for their own profit. They aren't interested in developing these people mentally or emotionally; in most cases that would mean raising rather than lowering their sales resistance."

JAMES RORTY writes at some length of a new book by Charles A. Siepmann, called *Radio, Television and Society.*

complex issues must be simplified until they are clear to the least comprehending; the tactics must be explained; the methods exposed. There is an urgent need for a great program of education in the political realities of the day, at all levels. The GIs themselves, and indeed free people everywhere, have to know why, again, so many owe so much to so few. The work of popular political education has hardly begun.

Longshore Strategists

RATHER general satisfaction appears to have resulted from the refusal of Boston and New York stevedores to handle two shipments of Russian crabmeat and one of Russian furs. The men said they took this step as individuals, although one longshoremen's local has announced that it will handle no more goods coming from, or going to, Russia and her satellites. The fact that the 50,000 cases of crabmeat and the $140,000 worth of furs are going back to their point of embarkation without being unloaded should put a quietus on further shipments of Russian products to this country.

It is curious that the United States should allow such matters to be decided by individual longshoremen with no special qualifications for setting national policy. Is this supposed to be a reflection of the popular will? Is the nation simply too easy-going to suit the longshoremen? Or is it that our longshoremen's unions are so strong that there is no way of calling them to task? This would seem to be a somewhat crucial matter to leave in untried hands.

When the Department of Commerce tightened controls on a list of strategic materials, that was a different matter. The Department has some basis for knowing whether shipments of this kind will greatly augment the armaments of Russia and her satellites. Moreover, Washington has some means of taking into account the relationship between our imports of Russian manganese and the material we ship to the USSR. The wiser part in such decisions is hardly on the surface.

One aspect of this boycott indicates that it should be avoided except where military necessity demands it. The breaking off of trade relations between the United States and Russia and her satellites reduces to the vanishing point the already tenuous human relationships between Americans and citizens behind the iron curtain.

If the short range hope of forestalling all-out

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war between the USA and the USSR lies in convincing the masters of the Kremlin of our determination and our might in conjunction with that of other nations, the long term hope depends on the development of mutual understanding between the American and Russian peoples. This is perhaps of even greater immediate import among the satellites—a weak spot in the Russian armor—where sympathy for the United States is still widespread.

Trade between nations inevitably means a certain exchange of personnel, of correspondence; it requires a certain minimum of mutual respect. Whatever their orders from above, Russians abroad on trade or diplomatic missions cannot blind themselves to what they see around them. Personal contacts with business men in the United States and other non-Communist countries, experience of other, and freer, ways of life, cannot fail to raise questions in the minds of even the most loyal Party members, who have been nurtured on strange versions of the realities of the West. Contacts with individual Russians will not make Kremlin policy any more palatable over here, but it will remind us of our common nature.

Grand strategy cannot be conceived only in terms of planes, ships, bombs, firepower and mass of maneuver. We must also look ahead to the regime which will succeed Stalin's. Admittedly the limited friendships that are now possible through commercial and diplomatic relations are incapable of affecting public opinion in a land where means of communication are strictly regimented. But they constitute something to build on. Any unnecessary curtailing of the few contacts we now have with individual Russians is plainly regrettable.

Trusteeship for Korea?

THE formulation and proclaiming of war aims has not been an American strong point. Our official silence on the future of Korea after two months fighting has unhappy precedents. Yet our OWI and the Voice of America show that we recognize the importance of the word and the idea among modern weapons.

Strictly speaking, our immediate task is to persuade the UN to issue an acceptable pronouncement on the future of Korea. But we have our own minds to make up first. And it is from the United Nations that American policy will be broadcast to the world.

Preliminary discussions are already in progress at Lake Success, and in one of the first it was suggested that when hostilities end, Korea should be placed under a UN *trusteeship*. The word has proved galling to national susceptibilities, as well it might. Does a civil war prepared and instigated from without demonstrate that a nation is not ready for self-government?

The North Koreans and South Koreans had nothing to do with their being separated in the first place. The 38th parallel was arbitrarily chosen as the dividing line between the American and Russian troops who were accepting the surrender of Japanese forces on the peninsula.

Due to the Russians, the general election under a special UN Commission to set up an independent Korean republic, took place only in South Korea. Due to the application of outside force, Korea remained divided. The freely elected representatives from South Korea constituted the Republic of Korea in their own eyes and in the eyes of the UN. In its first two years the Republic won almost universal recognition from the non-Communist countries of the world.

What then will be the rightful status of Korea when hostilities cease? It should be a full-fledged independent nation. It will stand in need of wholesale material assistance from abroad; many of its cities and its industries will have to be rebuilt; it will need defenses on its borders and large garrisons within. All this Korea should receive under UN auspices. But there is no question that it has the right to be a sovereign, undivided nation.

That should be the American objective for Korea in our negotiations within the United Nations. The integrity and prosperity of this liberated people should be our prime concern. The fact that other Asiatics are intently awaiting the outcome in Korea, and closely observing the part we play in determining its fate, should spur the United States to take and hold the lead in assuring the reunited Republic of Korea of a secure and independent political future—as American troops are now expending themselves in its military defense.

Our Food Surpluses

WAR is supposed to solve a lot of problems. The individual who gets his greetings from the President no longer wonders what to do with himself. Hard-pressed relief agencies find their

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case-load dropping off as unemployment wanes. Business men have fewer unsold wares to worry about. And the American farmer is assured that his produce will get out into the market as food surpluses begin to dwindle. Once war breaks out it is easy to dismiss the nation's most chronic perplexities about surplus men and surplus products.

Yet the Korean War, and the threat of other outbreaks, has made no appreciable dent in the mountain of American food surpluses, and farm production continues its tremendous pace. Meanwhile there are critical areas in the world where some of these unused foodstuffs would literally mean the difference between life and death for vast numbers of human beings—India, Italy, Japan. The fact that in all these countries Communism already has great influence is not only an added argument for action. It reflects as well the connection between human desperation and susceptibility to Marxist promises.

The United States is in no position to neglect any of her major weapons. Our vast store of perishables and non-perishables assuredly constitutes one of these. Legislation releasing vast quantities of these surpluses and embodying appropriations to pay the freight (when that is the only way of getting the food to the neediest areas) would seem to be the only answer. It was not long after we stored and destroyed our farm surpluses in the 30's that the have-nots began their march; this time the battle is already joined.

Decisions

ON SEPTEMBER 12 the Foreign Ministers of Britain and France will meet in New York with Secretary of State Acheson. Their meeting, it would seem, comes none too soon, for it is apparent now that there is a possibly disastrous confusion of policy between Britain and the United States regarding Formosa and Communist China.

When President Truman included in his Korea battle order a guarantee to protect Formosa, the British reaction was that he seriously weakened the Western cause in Asia. They felt that he identified the West with the discredited Chiang, that he involved us in a possible war with Communist China (something the Russians may well hope for), that he compromised the clear justice of the United Nations' action in Korea, and finally—and perhaps most unfortunate of all—that he drove a wedge between the British and the Americans in Asia, destroying, for the time being, any hope for a united Western stand there. Britain has, in fact, been gently suggesting that the United States could soon be rather lonely fighting Communist China. The Laborite *New Statesman and Nation* said that the US should realize "that her allies have no intention of being involved in a general war against the awakened peoples of Asia."

Here, surely, is a situation made to order for the Russians. If they care to persuade the Chinese Communists to invade Formosa, they can separate Britain from the US in a divide-and-conquer maneuver and if that happens, the whole moral structure of the United Nations', and Western, positions in Asia will be undermined and demoralized. For this reason an attack on Formosa would serve Russian purposes better than an attack anywhere else in Asia.

Why, then, in view of the fact that the State Department has already written off Chiang Kai-shek and resigned itself to Communist rule in China, do we find ourselves undertaking this perilous and contradictory defense of Formosa? The main reason for our getting into this position in the first place was that we hoped to seal off Formosa, to localize the Asiatic war in Korea. We wanted to prevent precisely what we now fear: the intervention in Korea of Chinese Communist troops. But it so happens that now, at this turn of events, the smartest way for the Russians and the Chinese to intervene in Korea is by way of Formosa—by attacking the island we wanted to neutralize.

Both the American and the British peoples have a right to expect from their diplomats the kind of co-ordinated and careful planning which alone will enable us to avoid the Formosa trap and give us a chance to restore the West's moral and military position in Asia. Unfortunately, as Secretary Acheson sits down to this job, the Wherrys will be standing outside the door soliciting votes, crying that "the blood of our boys in Korea is on [Acheson's] shoulders and no one else." With these calm and patriotic words of assurance ringing in his ears, Mr. Acheson will be making those "high policy decisions" that we have come to know may well determine whether or not a son or a brother or a father is to die some day with his face in a rice paddy.

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Soviet Foreign Policy

The pattern of Russian policy is not the "mystery" it is so often said to be.

By WALDEMAR GURIAN

THAT the basic aim of Soviet foreign policy has remained the same from the beginning of the Lenin-Stalin regime in 1917 to the present, can quite clearly be seen if one examines the pattern of Soviet theory and practice since that time.

According to communist doctrine, mankind is moving toward a world revolution that will end eventually in a classless society throughout the world.

Originally the Soviet leaders believed that their victory in the great East-European-Asiatic empire would soon be followed by similar revolutionary events in other more industrially advanced countries. However, when the anticipated successes outside Russia did not materialize, the emphasis of Russian policy shifted more and more to the objective, as formulated by Stalin, of building up socialism in one country.

This was not a radical break with the original views and policies of Lenin, the founder of the regime and of the Party. For Lenin said from the beginning that it would be a great mistake to sacrifice, in behalf of utopian hopes, the immediate victory of world revolutionary forces in the country that was to be the first-born child of socialism, Soviet Russia.

As for foreign policy, the ultimate, utopian aim of world revolution was to be worked out by realistically manipulating the prevailing power relationships between countries at any given time. For that reason, Lenin advocated the signing of the humiliating peace treaty of Brest Litovsk with Germany because he realized that any revolutionary campaign against the well-armed and well-disciplined German armies would be hopeless. The fundamental aim of Soviet foreign policy was, and is, twofold: the survival of the Soviet regime in a capitalist world, and the expansion of Communist influence in this world by every available means.

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Of course this policy permits and requires various courses of action. In the first years, the Soviet rulers took the communist world movement seriously, in spite of all their disappointments (World War I did not, as they had expected, lead to a world revolution). The Third International, founded in Moscow in 1919, tried to give the impression that it was a body in which the various communist parties were equal. The Third International had no real successes. Strong communist parties, it is true, came into existence outside Russia, for example in Germany and France. But there was no seizure of power by Communists, neither in Germany, Bulgaria, nor China.

So the Soviet foreign policy after 1922 was basically a defensive one. The aim of this policy was to prevent the formation of a united capitalist front against the Soviet Union. The Soviets prevented that by siding with Germany, the victim of the treaty of Versailles. The Soviet leaders regarded the Western powers as the greater menace. This defensive Soviet policy also met Russia's internal needs. For with the rise of Stalin to power, the emphasis of Soviet politics was put on internal matters— the totalitarian state and party system were definitely established and streamlined.

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HOWEVER, after the rise of Hitler in 1933, Soviet policies shifted toward collaboration with the Western nations and the League of Nations. The Soviets feared aggressive intervention by the Third Reich. This change in tactics occurred only after the Soviets began to realize that with the arrival of Nazi Germany on the scene there was a new distribution of power in the world.

In 1938, after Munich, Stalin and Molotov tried to exploit, to the advantage of the USSR, the conflict between the Reich and the Western powers. They manifestly hoped, by concluding the non-aggression pact with Hitler and Ribbentrop, to be able to profit from World War II without getting involved in it themselves. But Hitler's attack drove Stalin's empire over to the side of the anti-Nazi coalition.

World War II was fought by the Soviets as a

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patriotic war. The Soviet regime under Stalin had already begun to emphasize more and more its national Russian character. Socialism was being realized first, and in an exemplary way, in Russia. This tactic was accelerated even more in the years after 1941. But that did not mean abandoning the world revolutionary aim. It meant only that the national existence and internal power of the Soviet Union were regarded as decisive for communism everywhere.

The strengthened authority of Moscow in the world Communist movement—which was one of the results of the Axis defeat—encouraged Russia to continue the expansionist policies begun in 1939. Every success for Soviet expansionism became at the same time a victory for world Communism. The rise of Communist parties, particularly in France and Italy, accompanied the building up of a system of satellite states in Eastern and Central Europe, controlled by Moscow-dominated Communists.

The strategy of this Russian foreign policy was to combine the practices of direct and indirect expansion. There were open annexations, as in the cases of Poland and Rumania and the Baltic states. And there were indirect expansions of the satellite variety. Always the Soviets exploited social unrest as well as the popular inclination to avoid a new war at any price. All this was carried out despite the risk of arousing the United States.

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THE United States shifted from cooperation with the USSR because it became clear that this cooperation was used by the Soviet leaders only as a cover for expansion. But the leaders of the Soviet Union did not abandon, despite increasing tension with the USA, their attempts to build up the satellite system or their methods of better utilizing Communist and pro-Communist groups. On the other hand, they carefully avoided going too for. They broke off the blockade of Berlin because they realized the airlift was successful and that, in order to take over Berlin, they would be obliged to use direct force.

It is unlikely that this attitude was dictated solely by fear of the atomic bomb, which they could not match. I think this policy was based on the following assumptions: the United States will get tired of spending money for the European Recovery Program. There will be an economic and social crisis in the United States. There will be internal disagreements between the Western powers. The Soviet Union therefore will win the cold war without risking a hot one. It is only necessary to foment an atmosphere of uncertainty and fear — in the long run the Soviet Union will be able to expand as successfully in Europe as it has already done in Asia.

But it seems that this policy of keeping the cold war cold and avoiding open, shooting war has now been abandoned. The North Korean aggression was too well prepared to permit the assumption that the Soviet leaders did not expect serious resistance. Maybe they expected that the United States would only protest—but they were also ready for more than protests. True, they may even now hope to substitute for universal, open war—in which atom bombs would be used —a series of local conflicts which they hope will create an atmosphere in which resistance to local aggressions can be demoralized. Disregarding and falsifying the facts, they are now using the United Nations to depict the US as an imperialist aggressor. They try to exploit anti-European feelings and resentments in Asia. They are banking on pacifistic fear of war — their so-called Stockholm pledge demands the outlawing of atomic weapons. They appeal to the hopes, widespread in France, that one can stay out of the present world conflict because it is only an American affair.

But all this propaganda does not exclude, as the Korean example shows, open war. The Soviets manifestly believe that it is necessary to disrupt American and European rearmament before it is too far advanced. It is very dangerous to assume they they will wait patiently until the other side is really prepared. I am afraid that Churchill's two years, required, he believes, for the rearming of Europe, will not pass without very serious incidents.

The Korean war shows what effort is necessary even for an operation called by ex-President Hoover a minor war. A series of local wars, with continued uncertainty about the next place of attack—when, for example, will the much heralded attack against Formosa really start?—will divert forces and in the long run perhaps cause nervous exhaustion. It may even multiply the voices of those demanding neutrality or claiming that it is foolish to "die for Danzig," to risk general war for territories that are not very important. On the other hand, if this tactic of local wars and increased tensions doesn't work, the Soviets may start a general war, claiming, of course, that they have been attacked. For they no longer believe—as their recent policies show—that they will win the cold war and that therefore an open war is unnecessary.

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THERE is only one possibility of avoiding the transformation of the cold war into an open war or into a series of local wars that would exhaust the United States and lead anyway to an open, general war. An attempt must be made to show the Soviets that a war is too risky for them. For this purpose it is necessary now to take all

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practical measures necessary in case of open war. It is a good sign that the Baruch proposals for total mobilization have found supporters. It is necessary to increase this awareness by abandoning all meaningless legalistic fictions. The responsibility of the Soviets for the present situation must be directly emphasized. Keeping silent about the connection between Moscow and the North Korean aggressors does not increase the chances for avoiding war. It does not help, in assessing the seriousness of our situation, to assert that the USSR can be easily defeated by the use of atomic weapons.

The open proclamation that the world is at war should not mean, of course, that attempts to weaken the Soviet position by diplomatic and propaganda methods are to be neglected. Every opportunity to weaken the link between the Soviet Union and her satellites must be exploited—even if, to do that, we must forego the mistaken notion that everyone with whom we deal must be perfect. Furthermore, a clear, long-range program is necessary, as I emphasized in my article in THE COMMONWEAL of July 27. It is meaningless to shout about the gangsters in the Kremlin and to neglect proclamations about the liberation of the satellites.

It is also necessary to be ready for the possibility — unfortunately remote — that the Soviet Union, realizing the dangers her aggressive policies have produced, is really willing to negotiate, to make concessions. Negotiations can go together with continued preparations for war, since war comes, after all, when negotiations fail.

What makes the situation particularly difficult today? It calls for a combination of contradictory attitudes: we must be ready for open war, but a part of this readiness is a policy and diplomacy which would allow us either to avoid it or to fight it under conditions which are not the worst imaginable, though, of course, any world conflict today must result in holacausts of destruction and slaughter. The basic questions today are very simple and clear: How can Soviet expansionism be stopped, or turned back, until a point is reached where the present uncertainties and fears subside? How can that be done without a general, open war or a series of local wars ending in the exhaustion of the non-Soviet world? It is a most unfortunate circumstance that the answer depend to a great extent upon the decisions made by the Soviet leaders. But we must do everything possible to keep them from reaching the worst decisions. They must be made to feel the strength of our will to resist, of our will to build up a superior power, a power which is also ready and willing to reorganize the world economically and socially, a power which is not satisfied merely to maintain an outdated and helpless status quo.

FROM ROME

The Holy Year

I DON'T know why but I had thought that the Eternal City remained much as it was when Chateaubriand described it a century ago: "There are in this city more tombs than dead men. . . . The first time I saw Rome was at the end of June: the torrid season increases the emptying of the city; the stranger takes flight, the natives stay indoors; during the day no one is seen on the streets. . . . It might be said that no one has dared to live in these environs since ancient times and that they remain unoccupied in order to serve as the Champs Elysées for the shades of ancient Romans."

I expected, then, a city of ruins and silence, lying at the foot of the hill where the successor of Saint Peter lives and prays. My stay brought one surprise after another. When I arrived at the new Ostia station, I was dumbfounded to find myself in the heart of a bustling modern city. It was the beginning of June. But the heat did not seem to enervate the city. Visitors from afar were everywhere. They were easy to recognize because they wore coats; the Italians go around in shirt sleeves.

The streets hummed like beehives. Hundreds of little motor scooters darted between street cars, taxis and buses. I walked past the extensive ruins of the Coliseum, the gracious columns of the Forum, the Renaissance Capitol, but in vain: I could not return in spirit to the Rome of Augustus or Julius II. The life of modern Rome was too strong and it engulfed me. Alas for the romantic devotees of ancient, silent ruins.

It is the Holy Year. From the ends of the earth hundreds of thousands of Christians have answered the invitation of the Holy Father to the faithful of the whole world to come and pray in the city of the Apostles.

Once the jubilee visits have been completed and the indulgences gained, pilgrims have a chance to discover Rome—rich in years, history, monuments and works of art. An afternoon and a morning and the visitor on an organized pilgrimage will have made a tour of the more important things to see: the Forum, the Coliseum, the baths of Caracalla, the Pantheon, the Capitol and the Janiculum, the Villa Borghese.

When in a state of great fatigue and surfeited with so many marvels you take the train which carries you far from Rome, what impressions do you take with you of the capital of Christendom? And how I pity you if on leaving that feverish city of Rome you did not stop at the refreshing little town of Francis and Clare—Assisi. Here you would have found the atmosphere of renunciation, simplicity and peace which is that of the Beatitudes and which is found on every page of the Gospels.

But perhaps one should not expect of Rome what only Jerusalem, Assisi and a few other rare places in the world can supply. Of course it can be found in

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Rome. All you have to do is to go out alone in the early morning when the city is waking from its sleep, towards one of those inspiring catacombs: Callixtus, Priscilla, Cecilia or Domitian. Here you will find a fragment of mosaic where the outlines of a fish, or a fresco, three-quarters effaced, commemorates the Last Supper, and suddenly the hunted and tragic life of the first Christian communities is restored to life. Here the formidable memory of the martyrs who founded the Church is evoked. Here is restored the chain which stretches unbroken from the torment of Golgotha to the gibbets of the Nazi camps, the bullet in the back of the head, or the deportations of this year 1950: the chain of the Church Suffering.

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BUT ROME would always supply that. What it brings us specifically in this jubilee year is something else. It is first of all a testament of faith. Of course there have been instances of the taste for mere sport, as with some pilgrims who came from Austria or France on horseback or on roller skates. But for one exploit of this kind how many thousand there are which manifest a faith that is tenacious and unconquerable! Seven thousand pilgrims have thus far gone to Rome on foot—from Barcelona, Calais, Liverpool, Baden Baden, Amsterdam (I have seen their names at the Committee for the Holy Year).

Such people you may be sure have not been impelled by any taste for exhibitionism. They are poor people who have scrimped and saved for two years to make the journey and who have come simply, without flourish or notices in the papers, as pilgrims once did in the Middle Ages or as the Crusaders did, determined to liberate the tomb of Christ. Such people knew what they were looking for in Rome and what they went to pray for there. For the sins of the world, for the peace of the world, for tyrants and their victims, for all who suffer persecution, for those who suffer from the injustices of men and those who commit injustice. People like this are not dazzled by the pageantry of papal Rome nor deflected from the spiritual object they are seeking, from their quest for the Kingdom of God.

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ROME IN 1950 offers a tangible and unforgettable manifestation of the catholicity of the Church. All of us who belong to national churches often forget what a prodigious mingling of races, nations and different social classes serves as a foundation for the Church of Christ. We are always too ready, we French, we Spaniards, we Italians, we Americans, to take ourselves to be the eldest sons of the Church, or at least her most important sons.

And now at Rome we find that our true place in the Church is not perhaps the preeminent one. This native bishop, this Catholic from Viet-Nam, this Japanese priest, this king from the Congo with his golden crown on his head, represent, perhaps as much as our ancient Western Christendom, the future of the Church, her hope. And behind the disparity of costume and customs, the diversity of languages, there is that hope borne in common, a common language, that Rome helps us to find again.

To realize this fully it is necessary to be present at one of the extraordinary public audiences which the Pope holds twice a week for all pilgrims. The pilgrims gather several hours in advance. Each group sings and prays in its own language in turn, while awaiting the arrival of the Sovereign Pontiff.

Alert despite his seventy-six years, the old man in white ascends his throne before the altar of the confession. One by one he exhorts the various pilgrim groups and says a word of welcome to each one. Every time thousands of handkerchiefs are frantically waved and cries of *"Viva il Papa"* resound. He descends from his throne, makes a turn of the semi-circle where the fortunate ones who will have the honor of being presented to him personally are waiting—members of pilgrimages from the ends of the world, very simple people: a bicycle courier, some blind children, a mother with her newborn in her arms, a young married couple, as well as bishops, heads of movements, ambassadors. He shakes them by the hand, blesses their foreheads, talks informally with one or the other. Whoever has not been present at such scenes cannot understand the consoling impression of belonging to the same vast family which all pilgrims to Rome take home with them.

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AT THE RISK of being considered malicious, I shall add nevertheless that such manifestations of popular joy and fervor are very necessary to rid one of other impressions which are less agreeable and which take hold of the pilgrim from the moment of his first contacts with papal Rome.

Let us quickly pass over the external pageantry and luxury of this little State, the splendor of its palaces. Appearing little in harmony with the precept, "Sell what thou hast and follow Me," they may trouble certain believers and certain unbelievers especially. But we know that the papacy of the twentieth century is but the heir, the prisoner, of a style of life conceived by and for the popes of the Renaissance.

These popes had a very different idea of the duties of the Sovereign Pontiff than what we have today. And it should suffice us to know that in the midst of these luxuriant temporal dwellings, built by the powerful of this world, the Pope today lives like a saint, working sixteen hours a day, eating as a hermit, and sleeping on a camp bed. We are glad to find that the Roman cardinals and canons of today have more simple and more saintly customs than their predecessors in the Middle Ages or the times of the Borgias.

No, what is most troubling at the Vatican is that impression of a machine operating outside of time, of a milieu closed upon itself, of an administration much more solicitous to conserve the past than to break out the new paths of the future.

I realize that one must not be misled just by outward details. But there are some which are highly significant.

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People like us who have come to smile at observances that have lost their meaning, empty forms of Oriental ceremonies, cannot fail to be conscious of the anachronistic charm of that papal court, the last court in Europe, soon to be the last court in the world—with its ceremonial, its etiquette, its chamberlains, its noble guards, its police, its Swiss Guards, all with uniforms that at one time reflected contemporary customs and esthetic sensibilities but today serve as a source of amusement to the visitor or arouse in him only curiosity about folklore.

And truly one could hardly imagine—it would be a real revolution—the present Pope's deciding to suppress this heritage from the past and ordering great contemporary artists to design a canonization ceremony or some great feast in a matter more conformable to modern sensibilities. Yet that is what the popes of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance did.

So although it is not discussed much with people belonging to Roman circles, the troubling question which the pilgrim brings back with him from Rome is whether many things are not like that in the Vatican. For example, the Congregation of Rites spends three-quarters of its time drawing up processes of canonization which are, as everyone knows, very long and costly. Obviously, the Church must continue to produce saints. But there is also the urgent liturgical problem confronting most priests in parish work. They would like the Congregation to direct itself to that more often and with greater solicitude.

★

"I AM PERHAPS the last Pope to preserve everything, but I shall preserve everything." That is a saying that was ascribed to Pius XII at the beginning of his reign. It could well be that it is authentic. Many Roman personages gladly accept it as such in any case.

Again I open my Chateaubriand and I read these harsh sentences which seem to have been written only yesterday: "There are tremendous things that might be done today by the Holy See: the reunion of the dissident sects, the strengthening of European society, etc. A pope who would enter into the spirit of the century and who would place himself at the head of enlightened generations, could rejuvenate the papacy. But these ideas can never penetrate the old men in the Sacred College. The cardinals, at the end of their lives, pass on regal prerogatives which they themselves hold but for a brief span. Seated on the twofold ruins of Rome, the popes give the impression of being tremendously aware of the power of death."

To preserve everything! But perhaps today it impinges upon the Christian not only to preserve. Perhaps it would be worth more for the future of the Church and the peace of the world if the Christian were called upon to march in the vanguard, to conquer, to dare, to risk, in a word! Perhaps also the time has come when the Christian will no longer have much to preserve. . . .

Except the essential: the Faith.

ROBERT BARRAT.

THE LABOR MOVEMENT

Morality and the Corporations

THE other night I did a foolish thing. Foolish things, and the doing of them, are not so few and widely separated in my own life that this one deserves recording. But this one continued to go around with me like an irksome girl. It followed me as a kid sister runs after her elder. Or it grew subtle and covert like an expert detective on a shadow job. It was in my room; and I confess that it got into the troubling habit of going to bed with me. It was in the mirror when I shaved. It became ubiquitous like the pantheist's God.

All I had done was to answer a question that is often an easier thing to do than to be still. The first is a matter of intoxication; the second a matter of discipline. But even to the disciplined nothing is so captivating as temptation. And temptation is around a public speaker always, like lightning. It was succumbing to it, perhaps, that lost Seward the presidency. It is more leering than sex and more laughing than champagne. It is headier than Pol Roget. If public speakers could resist answering questions war might perish on the vine.

But I had been asked a question and I had answered it. And the answer pursued me like a bloodhound. It led responsibility to wherever I was, and responsibility wrote out the indictment and pled for a conviction.

A man had asked me if I thought that the morality of union people was higher than that of the heads of corporations—and I had answered, "Yes."

One may reply by way of extenuation that the difficulty lay in the question and that concealed in it was the assumption that the question made sense; that it required answer because what it supposed was true. For what it supposed was a way of comparison, a rod of measurement, some fixed and precise instrument of equation. And it further supposed, these things all being true, the unfailing competence to judge.

But the extenuation being weak, its satisfaction is impermanent, since it is without the support of honesty or reason. It is like a woman who, at the end of a year or two, upbraids her husband and complains at her marriage; resting her case on the proposition that she was verbally seduced, since it was he who asked her. The difficulty in her argument is at once made plain; her question invited an answer; and since she gave it, no one, as they say, twisting her arm, she cannot, thus easily, shift the burden of the supposed blame.

But it was the claim of Mark Twain that if you wait

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long enough all kinds of weather will show up in New England. Similarly, almost any argument will fall on your side if you but wait.

★

THE UAW-CIO Education Department puts out, mainly for its officers, stewards and committeemen, a monthly magazine called *Ammunition*. The August issue reveals that three representatives of the UAW attended the last meeting of the stockholders of the Chrysler Corporation. I don't know whether you are aware of it, but the union holds stock in all the major corporations with whom it has collective bargaining contracts. Among the other literature of the Chrysler Corporation these three found the minutes of what is called the Operations Committee. It is the business of this Committee to administer the funds set aside by the company for worthy causes.

One of the more, or less, cryptic references in the minutes was to the "March of Dimes to which we do not contribute." It is the opinion of the union that such careful husbanding of the money for charity may be related to the fact that the March of Dimes, polio, and Franklin D. Roosevelt are all implicated and forever mingled together. Neither in life nor in death is "That Man" to be broken up, to be separated into the politician and the helper of the crippled, like himself. A corporation like Chrysler can permit no such distinction. The edges of its hate remain and are sharp; nor are the piercing points of its rancor made smooth by death nor time.

But to a group created in 1944 to aid the Republican Party in its campaign, a group neatly called Spiritual Mobilization, the Corporation gave (all of this in 1949) $6,000. To a group hostile to unions and cooperatives and called the Small Business Economic Foundation, the Corporation gave $10,000. To the Freedom Foundation, a labor-baiting group, the Corporation gave $10,000. To an outfit operating on behalf of the NAM, and named Economic Education, Incorporated, the Corporation gave $10,000. To the American Economic Foundation, a super-slick advocate and praiser of the past, the Corporation gave $5,000. To Harding College it gave $5,000.

This is a curious comment on a large American corporation's understanding and evaluation of education. For Harding is a little college in Arkansas that is as yet without the benefit of being accredited. It is headed by one Dr. George Benson who somehow escaped from Sinclair Lewis. Dr. Benson does a lot of lecturing for General Motors, and many companies have compelled their workers to listen to him or to his scripts. He and his college have fashioned a film called The Price of Freedom. These lectures defend what is called free enterprise, and the movie maintains that the White House has long since been seized by the puppets of the Kremlin.

Now clearly the Chrysler Corporation or any corporation has the right to do what it wills with its own. Gifts, of course, are tax deductible, but I do not maintain that the charities of a corporation flow from the consciousness of that fact.

But I wonder very often, as I hear Mr. Malik or read the transcripts of radio Moscow, how we must really be rated in the battle of ideas. The thing that troubles Mr. Austin and the editors and commentators is that Moscow tells lies. They have a right to be troubled about that, as they are right in relating lies and tyranny.

Yet if you agonize over the lies of your neighbor the silent assumption is that you are devoted to the truth. The assumption is that what is in opposition between us and Moscow are two different cultures, and that in one abounds distortion, and in the other abounds the truth. But I no longer find the argument as persuasive as it once was. I find it difficult—to stay within the confines of my assignment—to yield to the argument my whole mind and my whole allegiance.

What am I to make out of the kind of contribution I have found listed? What am I to make of the support of institutions whose act and deed and output assert the proposition, without pause, that the Welfare State is Socialism, that Socialism is Communism, that Mr. Truman is the mental child of William Z. Foster, that unions are all evil, that Minimum Wage Laws are bad, that the rich are right, that Franklin D. Roosevelt is the enemy and the source of all villainy, that the Du Ponts pray to Thomas Jefferson, that profits are too low while wages are too high, that the country is democratic which was intended to be republican, that Walter Reuther is a danger, and that Herman Wexler is good?

What am I to make of the Gibson Refrigerating Company and Daniel Fuller? Daniel Fuller used to run a punch press for the Gibson Company in Greenville, Michigan. His press came down one night, when it was supposed to be up, and took off both his hands.

While he was in the hospital, Herman Gilbert, Director of Personnel for the company, used to visit him. Daniel Fuller, a member of the UAW:CIO, told Mr. Gilbert that he needed money.

Now at this point we get out of the realm of charity—unless you accept Saint Paul's definition of it. But the Gibson Company, owner of a machine that was defective and robbed a man forever of his hands, *lent Daniel Fuller two hundred dollars on the clear understanding that it would be paid back through deductions from his pay when he went back to work.* There was to be no doubt about his going back to work—the company promised him a job for life.

★

HIS local union, finding out his need, raised $1,500 and this they gave to Daniel Fuller; for this is the kind of thing that union brothers do.

Through Workmen's Compensation, Daniel Fuller can collect $21 a week for 14 and a half years. The insurance company carrying the liability on the compensation for the Gibson Refrigerating Company tested the punch press which took off Mr. Fuller's hands, and found it to be defective. At this point the union lawyer told Mr. Fuller that he had a case against the Thunder Bay Company, the makers of the press. But to sue he would have to renounce his rights to compensation—unless the Gibson

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Company waived its right to object. To the union committee seeking this waiver the Gibson Company refused to waive its rights.

But it did this not because it approved technicality or because it did not care about its employees. Indeed it was because of a great concern for Mr. Fuller and his future that they refused to yield up their legal right. They said, this company, to the union committee: "After all, money might tend to destroy his moral fiber."

★

THIS is a tenderness and a regard for workers with which we are all familiar. It was the sole reason, you recall, why management wanted to hire women, and children. It was the sole reason corporations opposed the ten hour day, and then opposed the eight hour day. The corporations wanted to preserve and strengthen the moral fiber of the workers. Were the ten hour day, and, then, the eight hour day to be established, the worker would turn sloth and drunkard. And that the corporations would do their utmost to prevent. And they did, as you remember.

Daniel Fuller was laid off in the spring recession, like many others, although the company had promised him a job for life. His moral fiber is protected though. $21 a week for fourteen and a half years. A man can't destroy much of his moral fiber on that.

If one manufacturing company would waive a legal right, then a man with no hands, with hands robbed not at Iwo Jima or at Taejon or Taegu, but in a shop, might sue for $75,000 another manufacturing company which made a defective instrument. But the one company would not.

The CIO sent a committee to Lansing to make an appeal to the State legislature, on the ground that the Workmen's Compensation Law was something less than satisfactory. But nothing happened at Lansing. Men listened to the CIO. But that was all. Nothing happened at all.

So Daniel Fuller cannot sue—did not elect to lose his $21 a week. He had to take the one or the other. To sue he had to give up the compensation money, unless the company made a waiver which would permit him the $21 a week if he lost the suit.

The union is now engaged in getting the Gibson Company to keep its voluntary contract, to get the company to give Daniel Fuller a job, to put him on the payroll for life.

The company made a promise to a man who was lying on a hospital bed. This promise it did not keep. The company prevented him from seeking damages in court lest his character be corrupted.

I need pursue this no further. We are back where we began. The circle has closed. I was haunted by a question I had been asked in public, and by the answer that I gave. I do not think there will be anything in my bed tonight, no questioner in the dark corners of my room, nothing will be in the mirror in the morning except me. My answer to a question will not haunt me anymore.

FRANCIS DOWNING.

The Screen

PETTY FOUR

IT SEEMS a shame that there's such a great waste of material in *"The Petty Girl."* As a matter of fact there's quite a waste of talent in all four of this week's releases; but this movie in particular points out Hollywood's extravagant use of actors and songs and sets and technicolor with practically negligible results. Maybe there is no story behind George Petty, the artist whose curvaceous creations are so well known; but surely some psychologist-writer could have turned up with something interesting about the man who draws so much slightly draped cheesecake. The very fact that the model is so often talking on the telephone must reveal something. But the movie named after this model is a cliché-ridden bit of fluff.

It tells how George Petty was struck by a teacher from a stuffy New England college and how he finally inveigled this conservative young lady into posing for his drawings. The plot of course goes beyond that point to where at long last the artist succeeds in melting this New England iceberg and she falls in love with him. Decorating all this, and aided by Technicolor and several song-and-dance numbers, are Joan Caulfield as the pretty teacher-model, and lots of other pretty girls who appear as Petty Girls in the famous Petty Calendar number. Robert Cummings, as Petty the man and artist, mugs his way through quite a bit of labored comedy; some of the gags are funny and all of the sequences in which Elsa Lanchester (as Miss Caulfield's chaperone) appears are hilarious. "The Petty Girl," which could have been a bright, imaginative musical comedy, is alas just another movie. More's the Petty!

Somewhere buried deep in a movie called *"Stella"* is an interesting theme about the woes caused by the unhappy combination of greed and death. Evelyn Waugh, who knew where he was going, handled this subject brilliantly in *The Loved One.* But I am sorry to report that "Stella" muffs its material and wastes its good cast, mainly because it can't quite decide whether it's doing slapstick comedy, satire or tragedy; and the result is confusion. David Wayne gives an excellent performance as a greedy, shiftless brother-in-law. Assisted by another brother-in-law (played as a bumbling dope by Frank Fontaine) David buries Uncle Joe in a meadow near which the family were having a picnic. It seems that alcoholic Uncle Joe fell while making a lunge at David and died immediately; and the family were afraid David would be accused of murder. Well, anyway, this plot gets awfully involved—especially when a $20,000 insurance policy turns up. And the story is really complicated by the fact that Stella (Ann Sheridan as the only one in the family who works) is being courted by two insurance men (Leif Erickson, as a heel, Victor Mature, as not

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quite so much of a heel). Later, when a body turns up and is identified by the mean brothers-in-law as Uncle Joe, the greed theme really swings into action. But then when another body turns up—well, I just can't go into all of this plot. The dialogue has some amusing wisecracks, and the photography of a resort town is exceptionally good; but unless morbid farce spiced with grim jokes appeals to you a great deal, you'd better leave "Stella" alone.

★

I'VE SEEN *"The Furies"* in so many versions during the years I've been reviewing movies that I can hardly tell whether this is something new or something old re-cooked. Actually it's new and based on a novel by Niven Busch, but it has the same ingredients—starting right with the period: the 1870s when men created kingdoms out of land and cattle. Bossman of this kingdom is T. C. Jeffords, and Walter Huston gives T. C. the works: the brutal, domineering bossman of the movies who rules everyone with an iron hand, including his son and daughter. Although this daughter (played by Barbara Stanwyck combining beauty and venom) likes being T. C.'s daughter, she refuses to be bossed around, especially when T. C. tries to pick a husband for her. She is loved by Gilbert Roland, one of the many squatters on T. C.'s seemingly endless ranch, and she loves Wendell Corey, a gambler between whom and T. C. there has long been a feud. As this plot goes on and on, you are always several jumps ahead of events. "The Furies" has its big moments (like the scene in which Huston tries to borrow money from Judith Anderson, his wife, whose face was disfigured by Barbara; or the sequence in which elderly Huston tries to throw a bull) but most of the film is pompous and pretentious—as if Producer Hal Wallis decided to gather the best cast he could find and make an epic to end all epics. Let the clichés fall where they may.

Since *"The Original Sin"* is a new German movie, I went to it with high hopes; the Germans have tried, in some of their films since the war, to do something different. This turned out to be something different all right: an allegory about Adam, Eve, Lilith, Lucifer, Peter and some other famous characters. But the allegory deviates so far from tradition that it becomes confused, and you actually get lost several times during the course of its plotting. Actually this is unfortunate because Director Helmut Kautner, who wrote the screenplay with Bobby Todd from a musical comedy, has used clever and imaginative tricks in his cinematography; and some of the satirical touches are very funny. I don't think that anyone will actually be led astray by Adam's solution to the big problem of how man can love both Eve and Lilith; but I do wish these film makers had put their ingenuity to better use. It seems a shame to waste all these handsome cellophane costumes.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

The Stage

THE LIVE WIRE

GARSON KANIN'S new comedy does not seem to be aiming at anything more than a light commercial success. In view of this, it is odd that the author has omitted most of the ingredients which are usually thought to insure such success. He doesn't bother with a love story for one thing. He doesn't offer the audience any single character with whom it can sympathize strongly, for another. Working with a very slight plot and not very forcefully drawn characters, he seems willing to rest his case on the dialogue. Most of this, it turns out, is casual banter.

Mr. Kanin is very good with small-talk. When eight of his characters, young New York actors living together in a quonset hut, stretch out in bed at night and drowsily argue with one another about life in general and sex in particular, the talk is often funny and almost always accurate. But it is just banter; it doesn't really characterize and it has nothing to do with advancing the narrative. Nor is it robust enough to carry the evening by itself. The virtue of authentic small-talk is that it can lend reality to more important issues underneath it; Mr. Kanin managed this very skillfully himself in *Born Yesterday*. *The Live Wire,* with nothing to give it consequence, takes on the formless and sporadic gaiety of a beer party, unfortunately without the beer.

Between bull sessions the story is concerned with a heel who moves in on the eight friends, fails to pay his way, momentarily dallies with an unscrupulous chorine who has been making a play for one of the boys, and, by hogging a *Life* spread intended for all of them, gets himself a Hollywood contract and moves out. The part is written and played straight; since it is the pivotal force of the play and yet is not conceived from a comic point of view, the humor of the play must be peripheral, must always come from the conversational exchange of minor characters. The result is minor playmaking.

Scott McKay, as the heel, Murvyn Vye, as an actor's agent, and Jack Gilford and Peggy Cass in smaller roles, all do very well. Mr. Kanin's direction is satisfactory enough, but without the personal style which marked his early work. Here, as elsewhere, Mr. Kanin seems oddly unambitious. (*at the Playhouse*)

WALTER KERR.

An Appeal

CARE, 20 Broad St., New York 5, N. Y., calls our attention to the St. Margaret Home conducted by Franciscan nuns in Tokyo for 150 needy aged women. CARE invites orders for its $10 Japanese food package to supplement the rice and tea which principally constitute the women's daily fare.

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Of Note

A Catholic Daily

A COMMUNICATION from Robert Hoyt tells something of the progress being made by the Catholic group in Kansas City, Missouri (702 East Twelfth Street) which plans to bring out the first issue of *The Sun Herald,* a daily, early in October.

Members of our "community of work" commit themselves to poverty as a condition of the work. We are organized as a somewhat authoritarian democracy which in practice is more democratic than authoritarian.

United Press has just returned our contract, signed, which makes possible the beginning of our publicity campaign. In addition to the UP, NCWC, RNS and LPA services we will add a photo service, either Acme or INP, and just possibly will contract for INS.

Our office is on the street made famous in the "12th Street Rag," and the street is as noisy as the song.

We need 5,000 pre-publication subscriptions. Percentage-wise, the campaign is going well, but so far we don't have enough material out to judge whether the trend will continue. Subscription funds will support the paper but not the staff, so we are trying to get people to promise a dollar a month for six months in order to keep us fed.

The quota of advertising space has been cut from 20 per cent to 10, but we don't lay a lot of emphasis on this because it shocks people and fills their minds completely, so that they think of us as a "not-shopping news" rather than as a newspaper. Because of our circulation and certain restrictions on the type of ads we will take, we probably couldn't get more than 10 per cent even if we wanted to. We don't want to because we haven't space and because we think advertising should properly be an auxiliary support for any publication, rather than the meat, potatoes, salad, dessert, liqueur and raison d'etre.

In explaining the paper we find the point hardest to put over is the fact that we will be concerned with all the news rather than solely or principally with what the bishop had for breakfast. And related to this is the matter of audience—people insist on restricting us to circulating among Catholics, whereas we will use every means we can think of (but principally competent reporting of the news) to break out of the circle.

When we have explained these points and have made clear that our approach is not sectarian, we usually find we have created a new difficulty: people expect us to be secularist. God grant that it be not so—if we can't avoid this we hope to have the honesty to fold up our copy pencils and steal away into public relations jobs.

It is good to be in Kansas City, because here we are *forced* to translate. We can't depend on the Catholic party line to get us through because the party isn't big enough, so if we don't have any appeal to non-Catholics it will be too bad, a noble effort and they certainly had a lot of guts but the thing just can't be done. Also, the competition here is stimulating. The Kansas City *Star* is not sexy or sensational, but it is Chamber-of-Commerce secularist and oozes respectability. We will have to be different and we can't be sexy or sensational, so we will have to be spiritual and unsuperficial without being unintelligible. If you follow me.

Christian Democracy

IN THE most recent issue of *People & Freedom* (32, Chepstow Villas, London, W. 11) the Marquis Charles D'Aragon writes on the status of the Christian Democratic movement.

Lecturing, a short time back, to my friends of the People and Freedom Group, I recalled the old days when Christian Democrats of various European countries used to gather in Chepstow Villas round our great and noble friend, Don Luigi Sturzo.

Tremendous work has been done since then. Who could then have dreamed that twelve terrible years later the most important movements guiding the policy of Western Europe would be under the inspiration of Christian Democratic leaders? Germany and Italy were in the grip of a neo-pagan despotism, and in the French Democracy, Catholics were firmly wedded to the middle way, excluded from Government circles by all manner of prejudices and also by the fact that French Catholicism had a long and compromising tradition of sympathy with a kind of old-fashioned Conservatism.

That was, in fact, the time for Catholics in France, as in other countries, to grapple with the task of reconciling the spirit of faith with modern conceptions of political freedom. It has now been accomplished in most of the Western European countries, with the exception of unfortunate Spain, which is still groaning under the anachronistic, cleric-ridden tyranny of one man. It is astonishing that, in so short a time, and in a country like France, it has now become obvious to everybody that a Catholic can be a Republican and can, in time of danger, work, fight and die for the Republic, and no Frenchman can now seriously maintain that there is any inconsistency in being a good Catholic and a true Democrat.

The major part of the job is still, however, in front of us. The fact is that one can be a very good Democrat according to nineteenth century

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Western ideas, and yet, on the other hand, be entirely out of touch with the problems and difficulties of the working classes, and incapable of understanding that brand of *Social* Democracy which enshrines their urgent demands. Nobody could suggest, for example, that an ordinary English Conservative MP or, in France, such men as M. Paul Reynaud or M. Daladier, are not true Democrats and sound anti-fascists. Yet, throughout Western Europe, Conservatives and Liberals—and, in France, "Radicals" also—have shown themselves quite incapable of bringing about the transformation in the social and economic scene necessary and for which the world is waiting.

It was the great conception of the MRP in France to work at the same time for the restoration of political Democracy and for the instigation of a progressive social policy. Unfortunately, the necessities of electoral policy and of internal harmony have diverted the party further and further from its original purpose. It is now possible to ask oneself if the MRP is not destined to turn into something much the same as the Christian Democratic Party in Italy or the CDU in Germany. One must not be too severe on such a failure. To achieve the first part of the task was already a hard job, and it is perfectly easy to understand that people who have accomplished so much may feel the necessity of a pause to take breath.

History, however, never stops, and the wheel of human fate rolls inexorably on. Although it is no crime to be tired, we have to put our weariness on one side and, faced with the new problems of a new world, try to devise new solutions. My own personal opinion is that Christian Democracy, which has come to stay as a movement in modern history, must find a new aspect. The thought has struck me that the experience gained in many countries shows clearly that the confessional allegiances of political parties constitute a grave danger to the permanent message of Christianity. I am afraid that, as soon as a political party is reputed to be a "Christian" party, all its mistakes, all its timidities and all the injustices in which it may be associated or compromised, will take on the guise of blessed mistakes, holy timidities, and sacred injustices.

The problem of today is not so much one of a Christian Democratic party, as one of Christians in Democracy, working with all men of good will to reconcile true justice with true liberty.

From an editorial in the same issue:

. . . There can be no conflict between the lawful interests of the State and those of its citizens: obedience to the civil code does not absolve from obedience to the moral law, even if they conflict. Every citizen must therefore have some voice in the laws by which he is governed, lest his conscience be affronted or his loyalty divided.

Machines and Men

By ANTHONY STANDEN

IN THE 1920's, and from then on, Sir Arthur Eddington and other writers on science made us all familiar with entropy. Entropy is mixed-up-ness, or run-down-ness, and in the physical universe as a whole it appears to be bound to increase. Entropy is disorder, and if, in any locality, a certain amount of order appears, it is bound to be accompanied by the appearance of a greater amount of disorder in some other place.

In addition to entropy, from now on we will all have to be talking about *feedback,* for it is one of the important new conceptions in applied science. In a machine with feedback, the power supplied to the machine is controlled by the difference between the machine's actual performance and its intended performance. An example is the governor of a steam engine; when the speed of the engine is greater than intended, the governor automatically cuts down the steam supplied, and similarly it admits more steam if the speed is too slow. The difference between the actual speed and the intended speed is *fed back* to the throttle on the steam line. This is a simple and old-fashioned example; guided missiles are a complicated modern example. Modern electronic feedbacks permit the construction of machines with incredible facility in performing almost every operation that a human being can perform.

Professor Norbert Wiener, of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, writes about the social consequences of these machines and of some of the other developments of modern science. Two years ago he published *Cybernetics —Control and Communication in the Animal and the Machine.* This is a fascinating book, but so much of it is severely mathematical that the general reader can only digest a small portion of it. He has now written a related book, *The Human Use of Human Beings* (*Houghton Mifflin.* $3.), from which a much larger number of readers will be able to draw intense interest, together with some bewilderment, and, in some cases, a certain amount of irritation.

★

THE title is strange, to begin with. It is nice that the use to be made of human beings is human, if not humane, but who is to do the using? Other human

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beings? Or machines? It is hard to find an answer that makes much sense. On the other hand, in its understanding of human beings, science seems to have made great strides in recent years. Some twenty years ago or more, any book about the general place of science in human thought would usually take the attitude that there is no difference between men and animals, except one of degree. But now scientists (if Professor Wiener can claim to represent scientists collectively) have discovered the difference between men and animals. The same experiments on the intelligence of apes that were formerly used to show the similarity between simians and ourselves are now used to point up the difference. Speech has now been noticed as the distinguishing human characteristic. "The few sounds emitted by chimpanzees have, it is true, a great deal of emotional content, but they have not the finesse of that clear and repeated accuracy of organization needed to make them into a code much more accurate than the yowlings of a cat. Moreover (and this seems to differentiate them from human speech), at times they belong to the chimpanzee as an unlearned inborn manifestation, rather than as the learned behavior of a member of a given social community."

It is characteristic of modern objective science that the difference noted is purely external, one that can be detected by objective methods. The scientist feels that he has to examine man as he would be examined by a visitor from another planet, an intelligent creature, but one totally devoid of empathy with human beings. With this objective viewpoint, the speech can be detected but not the concepts or the mental processes behind the speech—the communication rather than the ideas communicated.

★

NOW Professor Wiener is a specialist in communication, and has many interesting things to say about the technique of communication between men, between machines, and between men and machines in either direction. When you set the thermostat in your room, you communicate with the machine. When the alarm clock rings in the morning, the machine communicates with you. If the alarm clock is arranged to turn on the radio and start cooking your breakfast, there is communication between machines.

Wiener gives an interesting analysis of the connection between entropy and the amount of information that can be conveyed by a given medium (over a telephone wire, for example). Entropy is disorder, but negative entropy, or non-entropy, is order. For a given amount of information, there must be a certain minimum amount of non-entropy, or the message will not get through. A machine with feedback gives itself information. It notices how well it is doing, how near it has come to its goal, and modifies its own behavior accordingly. Our life in the modern industrial world, and particularly in the world of the future, depends upon a mass of intercommunicating machines.

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Machines "communicate," but only in a certain sense. Men have ideas, which they communicate to one another. Machines have no ideas. But with this emphasis on the external, the mere act of communication, it becomes possible to neglect the striking differences between men and machines, and thus the old-fashioned materialism is saved after all, in a somewhat modified form. It is Wiener's thesis (at any rate in part) "that the operation of the living individual and the operation of some of the newer communication machines are precisely parallel." This is well expressed, for it is quite possible that the *physical operation* of the brain, and of the machine, are parallel, and it is the physical operation, and this alone, that the scientist can see.

★

WITH this background, Professor Wiener discusses some of the social problems of today and of tomorrow. He explains that it may become possible to make our food from petroleum, or from coal. He tells of the possibility of push-button factories. We can return, if we want to, he says, to cottage industry. It was the old-fashioned steam-power driven factory that gained in efficiency with a large installation, with everything under one roof. Electrical power, by contrast, can be distributed to a number of separate small users very conveniently and without loss of efficiency.

In any evaluation of social changes there must be some criterion of what constitutes the good for man. Professor Wiener wants every man to develop his individuality and his full potentialities. He is against any regimentation, and against any way of doing things that depends upon having some men working and living below their capabilities. Thus he is clearly and strongly opposed to totalitarianism. He is in favor of democracy, explaining (at any rate on the jacket) that "democracy works on the 'feed-back principle,' dictatorship does not." At an election, the performance of the government is surveyed, by the electorate, and compared with the intended performance (intended by the electorate, that is). It would seem to this reviewer that a dictatorship also uses the feedback principle. The performance of the entire state is surveyed by the dictator (by means of his fact-gathering facilities) and compared with the intended performance—intended by the dictator in this case. From an engineering point of view the feedback of a dictatorship is very much more efficient than that of a democracy, which, it must be admitted, is cumbersome and indirect. But then this reviewer does not accept feedback as a criterion of political desirability.

Readers of THE COMMONWEAL will be pained rather than surprised (for it is no novelty) to find the Church described as "a totalitarian Church which is in no respect ready to accept, in support of its standards, milder means than those to which Communism appeals." They will also be saddened to learn that Professor Wiener thinks that Calvinists think that "many a good man will be damned."

Books

Verdict of Three Decades. Edited by Julien Steinberg. Duell. $5.

WE ARE learning today that the monster horror of the Soviet Union is a cancerous growth. It cannot be talked away; it must be cut out cleanly with a surgeon's knife. We are learning at the eleventh hour, and we are paying for this tardy knowledge with the blood of young men dying on battlefields of Russia's own choosing. Perhaps we will win this war for man's soul and man's future. But if we lose, the guilt will be ours.

For the facts have been there. They have been there for the three decades in which large numbers of the world's intellectuals reveled in a macabre love-affair with the Soviet Union. Some of us learned sooner, some later. The realization that we were threatened may have come with the Moscow trials, with the Spanish Civil War, or with the Hitler-Stalin pact. For the more obtuse, it may have come in these postwar years of naked Communist arrogance. The Korean war has finally brought it home, even to Henry Wallace and the State Department. But the evil was loose long before Stalin began to lop off the heads of his co-conspirators.

As early as 1918, the Bolsheviks showed their hand clearly and unmistakably. When Lenin's party could not command a majority of the Constituent Assembly, Russia's first and only democratically elected parliament, it used guns and bayonets to disband it. Packed galleries screamed and booed at the representatives of the majority socialist parties, in a maneuver which has become classical in Communist tactics. And Lenin, the ruthless, triumphed.

The facts were all there. Book after book, article after article, from men and women who had seen at first hand the gathering momentum of the Leninist terror, clamored for public attention. They were brushed off the shelf to make room for the self-serving panegyrics of the Communists and their liberal dupes. Those who cried havoc were labeled "professional anti-Communists," their morals impugned, their livelihood destroyed. The Negro poet Claude McKay was only one victim of this organized social terror. Even today, the anti-anti-Communists are a powerful force, and Senator Tydings is not the least of them.

The maligned writers, statesmen, idealists, and journalists began to lay bare the Soviet cancer in 1919 with precise and horrifying detail. Since that date, what Julien Steinberg calls "the literature of individual revolt against Soviet Communism" has accumulated, even as the ruthless and barbarian dictatorship of Lenin and Stalin was taken over by their moral and political heir, Joseph Stalin. The revolution was not betrayed—it was a betrayal from the start.

THIS is the essence, though not the meat, of Steinberg's *Verdict of Three Decades*. The title is well chosen; history has moved past the indictment stage.

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Within the covers of this monumental and brilliant book is history's verdict of the most brutal and all-encompassing tyranny mankind has ever known. The roster of contributors to this volume is, with few exceptions, a hall of fame of those who have stood up to that tyranny and exposed it relentlessly, though their Cassandra-like frustrations are a tragic chapter in the time's chronicles.

Rosa Luxemburg, Karl Kautsky, Victor Chernov, Julius Martov, Bertrand Russell, Alexander Berkman, Souvarine, Tchernavin, Eugene Lyons, William Henry Chamberlin, Andre Gide, Gen. Krivitsky, Ignazio Silone, Rudolf Hilferding, Arthur Koestler, Bertram Wolfe, Igor Gouzenko, David Dallin, Sidney Hook, Max Eastman, Emma Goldman—these are the writers whose words crowd this book. Each one fills a niche; each supplies a facet. Analysis jostles memoir.

VERDICT of Three Decades is an important book, almost too important to come from so young a thinker. Its importance at a time when the murky dealers are in control can hardly be underestimated. Of course, it has its flaws. The whole Popular Front era is brushed off. The impact of the Spanish tragedy and the Soviet betrayal in Iberia gets only passing mention. The temporary mass descent of American intellectuals from the Moscow express in 1930-40, the Vincent Sheean-Ralph Bates pieces, the wartime love feast—all these are virtually ignored. And there are some inclusions which are less than felicitous.

Outstanding among these is the piece by Granville Hicks which exemplifies the liberal mind at its shallowest and most sentimental. There is no doubt that Hicks has broken with the Communists. But he still feels apologetic about it; he still shows fear that his break with tyranny may be taken as a sign that he has slipped into reaction. The era of the great infiltration, when the Hisses and Pressmans moved into the government and the Communists captured or destroyed liberal organizations, is still pretty good in restrospect, still "democratic." Basically, of course, Hicks never quite understood Communism—just as he never quite understood the nature of the struggle between Communism and freedom. He is bemused by the jargon of liberalism, unaware that sin is uncompromising.

Yet, it is ungrateful to belabor this point. For as freedom's light grows everywhere dimmer, the very publication of *Verdict of Three Decades* is a hopeful sign. It shows that a new generation of anti-Communists is on the literary ascendant. If the book could be made "must reading" for students and congressmen, that would be enough. If it is read, if it is passed from hand to hand, it may well become one of those intellectual catalysts which, from time to time, vitalize the reagents of a critical era. And it is a welcome book, if for no other reason, because it brings forward a new political mind of unusual vision, insight, and sensibility.

RALPH DE TOLEDANO.

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D. H. Lawrence, Portrait of a Genius But. . . . Richard Aldington. Duell. $3.75.

RICHARD ALDINGTON explains that he chose the odd subtitle for his portrait because he found that almost everyone who knew D. H. Lawrence eventually said of him, "Of course, Lawrence was a genius, but. . . ."

Aldington himself subscribes to this note of qualification, indeed, of misgiving, at the outset of his study, although within the implied limits he concedes that Lawrence was a genius "both in living and in writing." Inevitably, however, this recalls another study of Lawrence with an odd title, that of W. Y. Tindall called *D. H. Lawrence and Susan his Cow*. Such titles are significant in revealing a degree and type of scholarly hedging about Lawrence.

In the matter of Lawrence's "living," Aldington's study goes far toward establishing the qualification rather than the genius, and in the matter of the "writing," neither. But it was not Aldington's purpose to make any extensive critical estimate of Lawrence's achievement as a prose artist. On the contrary, he writes somewhat belligerently: "It is my hope here to avoid literary criticism and above all that quasi-philosophising which now passes as criticism. I want to use Lawrence's books to illustrate and if possible to explain the history of his life and the complexities of his temperament."

Aldington knew Lawrence personally and also had the advantage during his writing of contact with Lawrence's wife, Frieda, and with many of Lawrence's friends, including Aldous Huxley and John Middleton Murry. The result is that his work includes many interesting personal anecdotes, for example, the story that the disability fund and other benefits accruing to the family when Lawrence's gruff, coal-mining father was hospitalized, actually exceeded the family's portion when he was well and working, so that "when the family knew that he was not in great pain and would recover, they rather enjoyed these quiet periods. . . ." Also, there is the amusing but finally tragic story of Maurice Magnus who, after sponging so ingeniously on the rising Lawrence, succeeded in living pitifully beyond his means and in keeping up appearances to the very moment of his suicide.

But Aldington knew Lawrence's faults at first hand and is very detailed and incisive in pointing them out:

> There can seldom have been a more obvious case of "sex in the head" than Lawrence himself, although he was always denouncing it in others; but then he had a habit of denouncing in others what he did himself. . . . If a fact displeased, hindered, or contradicted him he denied the fact; and he denied the reality of other peoples' feelings to suit his own convenience. . . . Certainly it would be a mistake to dismiss his "philosophical" writings as worthless. But his best utterances of that sort were the product of an intuition which changed almost daily, of a protean and endlessly self-contradictory personality. . . . It is the fact that among his contemporaries Lawrence chiefly admired insignificant writers, and had poor literary judgment. . . . for the last ten years of his life he was destined to be an intellectual nomad who was always trying to fit in somewhere and never quite succeeded.

Such utterances add up to a debunking—intentional or not—mainly in regard to Lawrence's genius in living, or more exactly in regard to everything except his genius in molding the rhythm and color of English prose. And such a debunking is perhaps timely and called for by the all-out endorsement and defense which has been characteristic of so many of his sentimental admirers. Aldington does, moreover, shrewdly point to the area of Lawrence's greatness, largely in Lawrence's own words: "Melville moved Lawrence deeply and seemed to reveal him to himself. There are passages in his essay on *Moby Dick* which are truly more applicable to Lawrence than to Melville. Take this, for example:

> Nobody can be more clownish, more clumsy and sententiously in bad taste. He preaches and holds forth because he is not sure of himself. And he holds forth, often, so amateurishly. The artist was so *much* greater than the man. The man is rather a tiresome New Englander of the ethical mystical-transcendentalist sort. But he was a deep, great artist, even if he was rather a sententious man . . . when he forgets his audience, and gives us his sheer appreciation of the world, then he is wonderful, his book commands a stillness in the soul, an awe.

"Truly, if one did not know who had written that or on whom, it could easily be taken as a penetrating summary of Lawrence. . . ." But the book which will show precisely wherein consists the artistic achievement of Lawrence, so unfortunately spotted by the sadnesses of his life, has yet to be written.

JOHN W. MEANEY.

A Table Near The Band. A. A. Milne. Dutton. $3.

A. A. MILNE is a name which has the curious quality of imparting uncertainty as to its residence in the realm of the living or the dead. It is a name which has been heard forever in connection with *Winnie the Pooh* and *Christopher Robin,* yet which connotes no definite shape in the present.

This group of stories begins with the one used for the title of the collection. It describes, through the mouth of one of the victims, how a woman increases her handbag supply by means of a pitiable, changeable and untruthful story to various men who take her to lunch. Variations of this type thing have appeared many times in the story sections of the more zestful newspapers. The second piece attempts to create the atmosphere which exists as the result of a meeting with a person who has occupied the memory since a single romantic encounter in childhood. The effect sought for would approach that attained by James Joyce in his tale, "The Dead." It is not got.

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"A Man Greatly Beloved" tells how a newcomer to town wins the respect and admiration of the community. The child who narrates the events associates him with a detective famous for his work in a murder case. The "greatly beloved" one, it turns out, is the murderer in that case.

On the back of this book are some imposing quotations which honor Mr. Milne's writing of the past. This volume has forced a comment which may be added to the others at time of next publication: Milne's writing was described in one place recently as being like "a *soufflé*."

GEORGE MILES.

Shadow of a Cloud. Charley Robertson. Harcourt. $3.

THIS novel fairly reeks of whiskey. For Paul Worden, a frustrated and transplanted young Kentucky fictionist, Max Shafer, his bootlegging and woman-charming roommate, and Eva Blake, a wealthy and sympathetic dypso—three of the four main characters—it is the mode of action, the bread of life, and the sole absolute value, be the nectar homebrew, hot-buttered rum, sherry, or just plain hootch.

At one juncture, Paul says of his embryonic novel, "I don't know how honest-to-God it is . . . but it's a book anyway." Regarding Robertson's book this is just about the truth. The story involves a fetching quadrangle: Paul falls in love with Stella, but Max has prior interests, to the dismay of both Paul and Eva—and the complication begins. Finally, two of the foiled enter into an abortive affair that can be happy only in plenitude of drink. The narrative unfortunately does not begin to move for 80 pages, and there is at the end no real resolution, only a romantic deluge sprung by the deus ex machina that removes Max.

The Shadow of a Cloud is completely one-dimensional, the sort of crude and uneven thing that Paul himself would write—starting with self-conscious realism and tortured description, progressing through amateur intrigue, and reaching its heights in adolescent "purple passages" sprinkled with a little stream-of-consciousness. There is an excessive concentration upon such values as the color of cars and, of course, the measure of drink. It is a sort of naturalism, but entirely lacking in the sociological significance of Anderson, Norris, or Dreiser.

WILLIAM H. SLAVICK.

Poverty. Pie-Raymond Regamey, O.P. Sheed & Ward. $2.50.

THIS book is a part and an expression of a movement, one without any generally accepted name but which may be described as a return to the primary sources of life in the Church. Poverty is of the essence of Christianity. When the meaning of poverty is widely misunderstood society no longer has a Christian form; it has forgotten the birth in the stable, the first beatitude, the annihilation of the Cross.

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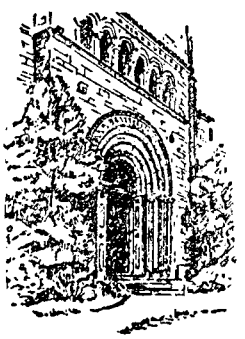

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Today it is not so much a question of misunderstanding as of complete ignorance. The very term poverty has been despiritualized, so that people seeing the title of this book will think it a sociological treatise on the causes and cure of destitution.

What struck me first and most strongly about the book is its quality of balance, born of an outlook that takes equally full account of the realities of this world and the values of eternity. Father Regamey does not deal in platitudes. He is not the least romantic about the state of material poverty; he says it is wretched and miserable, a scar of sin, an evil to be fought by Christians. But neither is he deluded by false secular messianisms: poverty will not be banished from the earth by act of Congress, the UN or General Motors. The poor will always be with us, and it is a good thing because in so far as they accept their state they relive the Gospel in our midst, and in so far as we serve them, we serve Christ.

Father Regamey is of course concerned with the spirit rather than the state of poverty, since merely being poor is no guarantee of salvation any more than being rich is a guarantee of damnation. But he is true to the Gospel in making it plain that the rich are in greater danger and that the poor as such are more to be honored than the wealthy. He is very clear too on the obligations of the rich to the poor, a doctrine that has evident applications today to national as well as personal actions.

I am sorry if so far I have made Father Regamey sound like a professor of economics—though certainly I would recommend that he be read by economists, and especially by the prophets of ever-expanding profits. Essentially the book is a treatise on spirituality. As such it is peculiarly valuable because it starts off from a set of circumstances in which everyone finds himself—the state of being a creature, of being partly material, of being capable of possession. Everybody has to have an attitude toward this complex condition. This book teaches that the proper attitude is the spirit of poverty.

Father Regamey writes for these times but not especially for this country; there is plenty of room for a companion work that would compare this doctrine with what is alleged to be "the American way."

ROBERT HOYT.

•REVIEWERS•

RALPH DE TOLEDANO is on the staff of *Newsweek*. He is the co-author, with Victor Lasky, of *Seeds of Treason*.

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WILLIAM H. SLAVICK is a recent graduate of Notre Dame.

ROBERT HOYT has been named editor of the *Sun-Herald*, the lay-edited Catholic daily soon to be published in Kansas City.

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